

TERROR



NO. 32
OCT. - NOV.

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TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



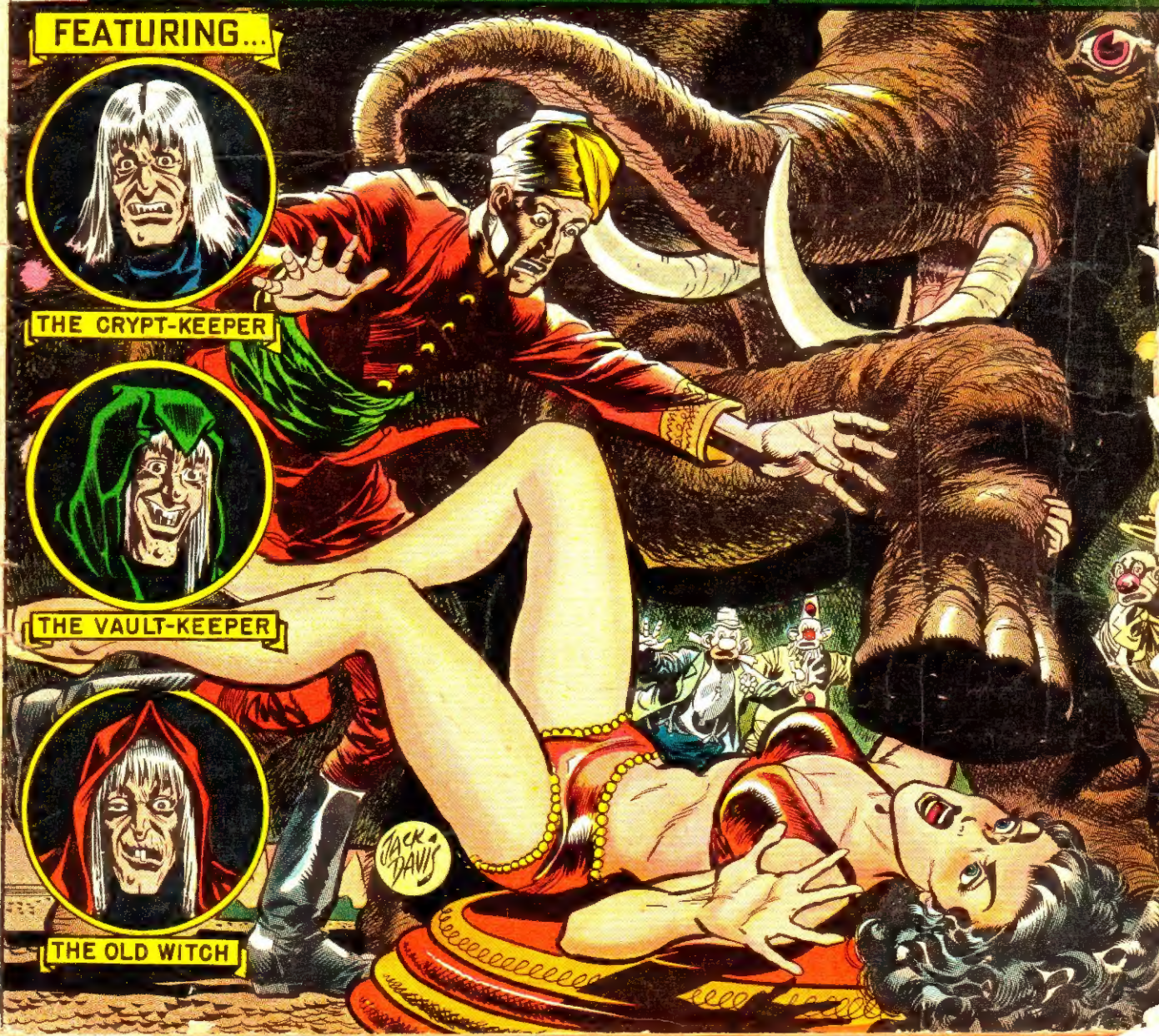
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



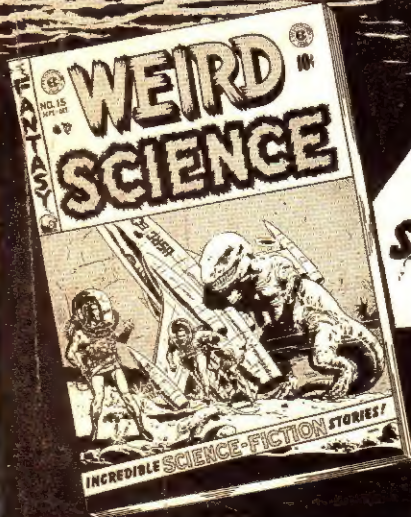
THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



**HEE, HEE! E.C.'S SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH
TO GIVE *THESE* TWO GHOULS
A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!**



**E.C. IS
PROUDEST
OF ITS TWO
SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES!**



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THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! COME IN, FIENDS! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! ONCE AGAIN WE MEET FOR OUR SHIVERY SESSION! YES, IT'S YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, OPENING HIS MAD-MAG WITH A TERRIFYING TALE GUARANTEED TO CURL YOUR HAIR AND CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! SEVERAL ISSUES BACK, I TOLD YOU A YARN ABOUT A BUTCHER WHICH PROVED VERY POPULAR! ONE AVID FAN EVEN SENT ME A CLEAVER, WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WITH IT... BUT IT DIDN'T SINK IN! SO I DECIDED TO TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT A BUTCHER... ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL TICKLE YOUR SPARE-RIBS! I CALL THIS MEATY LITTLE MORBID MELODRAMA...

AS THE NAUSEOUS CANNIBAL REMARKED ON A PARTICULARLY HOT DAY...

"'TAIN'T THE MEAT...
IT'S THE HUMANITY!"



NO ONE PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO ZACH GRISTLE BEFORE WORLD WAR II! HE WAS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN BUTCHER! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WAR! SUDDENLY... WITH THE ADVENT OF MEAT RATIONING... RED POINTS... AND CEILING PRICES... ZACH GRISTLE BECAME VERY POPULAR...



HEH, HEH! YEP! **SUDDENLY, OL' ZACH GRISTLE FOUND HIMSELF THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN!** HEH, HEH! WHY NOT? HE WAS THE **ONLY BUTCHER!** REMEMBER THOSE DAYS, KIDDIES? **RATION BOOKS!** SO MANY **RED POINTS** FOR EACH **POUND OF MEAT!** SO MANY **RED POINTS** ALLOWED EACH **PERSON PER MONTH!** IT WAS **PRETTY TOUGH... THE SITUATION, THAT IS...**



OH, DEAR! I ONLY HAVE **FORTY-ONE POINTS LEFT.** MR. GRISTLE! CAN I... **ONE** THEM TO YOU?



I'M **AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. VINKLE!** I NEED THOSE POINTS IN ORDER TO BUY THE MEAT MYSELF! I COULDN'T DO THAT!

NO SIRLOIN STEAKS, MR. GRISTLE?

SORRY, MR. FUDDY! I JUST SOLD THE **LAST ONE** TO MR. **CUSPITORE!** I COULD LET YOU HAVE A FEW **PORK CHOPS!**



SORRY, MISS DICKLEBORG! NOTHING BUT **SALAMI LEFT!** I EXPECT ANOTHER SHIPMENT TOMORROW! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE ON LINE **EARLY! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, YOU KNOW!**

POOR MR. GRISTLE! HE TRIES SO HARD! AND HE'S SO **HONEST!**

THIS **RATIONING** CERTAINLY IS **HARD** ON HIM!



YEP! MEAT RATIONING WAS HARD ON MR. GRISTLE! THAT IS, UNTIL HE DISCOVERED AN INTERESTING FACT...

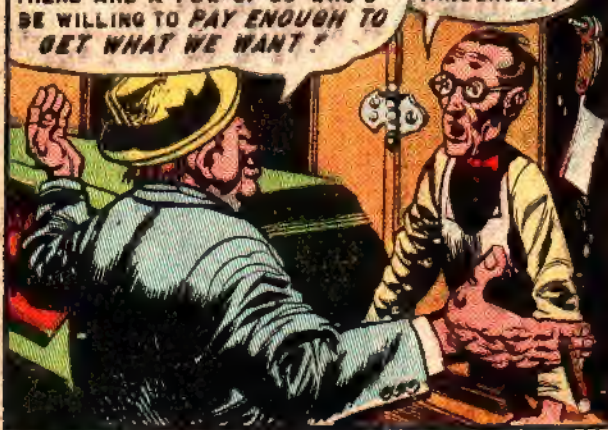
IF I COULD GET A NICE STEAK, MR. GRISTLE, I'D... ER... PAY! WE'D... SORT OF... FORGET ABOUT THE CEILING PRICE!

BUT... THAT'S DISHONEST, MR. VANDERCLIFF! THAT'S BLACK MARKET!



NO TELLING HOW LONG THIS WAR WILL LAST, ZACH! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES! THERE ARE A FEW OF US WHO'D BE WILLING TO PAY ENOUGH TO GET WHAT WE WANT!

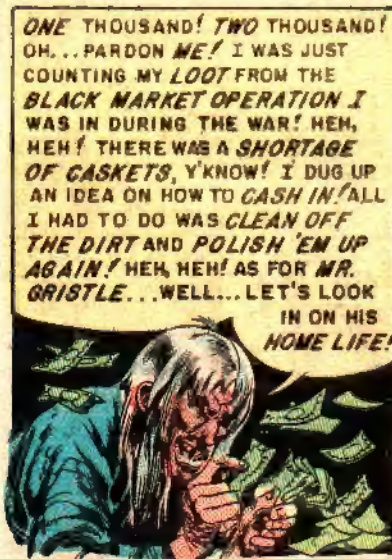
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE... THE POOR PEOPLE, MR. VANDERCLIFF?



SUIT YOURSELF, ZACH! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, NOW! YOU COULD BE PRETTY WELL OFF IF YOU USED YOUR HEAD! THINK IT OVER!

I... I WILL, SIR! I'LL... THINK IT OVER!



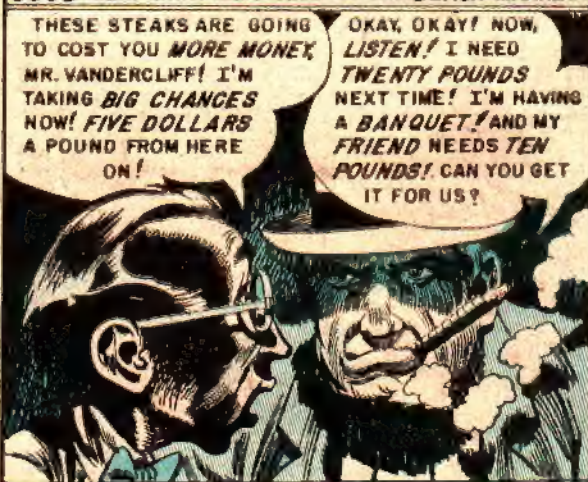




YEP! MR. GRISTLE FOUND THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS! HE BEGAN BUYING HORSEMEAT, AND PALMING IT OFF TO HIS POOR CUSTOMERS AS THE REAL THING... THEREBY GETTING THOSE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS...



AND WITH THE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS, HE'D PURCHASE GOOD MEAT WHICH HE'D SELL ON THE BLACK-MARKET.



SOON, THE HORSEMEAT WASN'T ENOUGH! MR. GRISTLE HAD TO FIND OTHER AVENUES OF SUPPLY...



HEH, HEH! FIRST HORSEMEAT... NOW STALE MEAT! MR. GRISTLE CERTAINLY WAS SINKING LOWER AND LOWER! BUT NO ONE SUSPECTED NICE MR. GRISTLE WHEN A FEW PEOPLE... THE POORER PEOPLE IN TOWN... FELL SERIOUSLY ILL!



HOW'S YOUR HUSBAND TODAY, MRS. HORTON?



BETTER, THANKS! NOW, I AIN'T BEEN FEELIN' TOO GOOD!



BUT ONE NIGHT...

MR. GRISTLE ISN'T IN! HE'S OUT WALKING!



WELL JUST TELL 'IM HE CAN PICK UP ANOTHER LOAD OF THE SLOP!



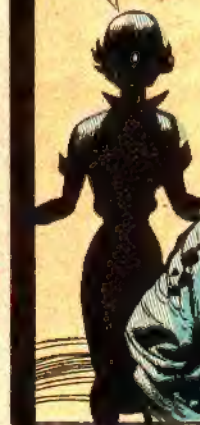
THE... THE WHAT?



THE STALE MEAT! THE JUNK! THE STUFF HE'S BEEN SELLIN' AS GOOD STUFF! YOU KNOW!



OH! Y-YES! I'LL... I'LL TELL HIM!



TELL 'IM I GOT SOME HORSEMEAT FOR 'IM, TOO! 'BYE!



MRS. GRISTLE CLOSED THE DOOR AND STARED AT IT FOR A MINUTE! THEN SHE WENT OUT! SHE ARRIVED AT THE BUTCHER-SHOP A FEW MINUTES LATER.

HERE'S YOUR MEAT, MR. VANDERCLIFF!

THANKS ZACH!

DON'T TAKE IT, MR. VANDERCLIFF! IT'S STALE... OLD! IT MAY BE HORSE-MEAT!



SARAH!

HEH, HEH! NOT THIS STUFF, MRS. GRISTLE! I PAY SIX BUCKS A POUND FOR THIS STUFF! ZACH'S REGULAR CUSTOMERS GET THE JUNK!

SIX DOLLARS! BLACK MARKET!



BRIGHT KID, THIS SARAH!
QUICK WITH NUMBERS! **CEILING**
PRICE... **69¢!** **SIX DOLLARS** TO
VANDERCLIFF! **BLACK MARKET!**
IT **FIGURES!** BUT SHE'S A
GOOD KID, MRS. GRISTLE! SHE'S
REAL MAD...



AFTER ZACH'S CUSTOMER LEAVES...

YOU'RE SELLING MEAT ON THE BLACK MARKET!

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, SARAH!



AND YOU'RE PASSING OFF HORSE MEAT AND STALE MEAT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS FOR RED-POINTS!

WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH, SARAH!



I DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF MONEY! MR. HORTON WAS TERRIBLY SICK! WAS IT FROM YOUR MEAT?

PROBABLY! WHO CARES? ANYWAY, I WANT THE MONEY! AFTER THE WAR I'M GOING TO RETIRE! I'VE SOCKED AWAY SIX GRAND ALREADY!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!

HAH! ASK OLD SNORK MAN ABOUT HIS GASOLINE BUSINESS! FIND OUT ABOUT FINGH'S TIRE RACKET! EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT! WHY SHOULDN'T I?



YEP! MRS. GRISTLE WAS AWFUL MAD... BUT SHE COULDN'T TALK ZACH OUT OF IT! HE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS PILE... NO MATTER WHO SUFFERED...

GOT A DEAL FOR YOU, GRISTLE! GOT SOME TAINTED MEAT! REAL BAD! NO ONE'LL KNOW IT, THOUGH! GOT A PROCESS THAT COVERS IT UP! THEY WON'T FIND OUT TILL IT'S INSIDE 'EM! THEY'LL FEEL PRETTY SAD!

I NEED SOME POINTS BADLY! GOT A BIG ORDER TO FILL! OKAY! I'LL TAKE IT!



SO ZACH GRISTLE BOUGHT THE SPOILED MEAT AND SOLD IT TO HIS CUSTOMERS...

MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS HERE FROM OUT OF TOWN! SHE'S AMAZED THAT WE CAN GET ALL THE MEAT WE WANT!

HEH! JUST TRY TO DO MY BEST, MRS. ABACROMBIE! WHAT'LL IT BE?



HEH, HEH! **DON'T TURN OVER THE PAGE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! YOU'LL GET TO IT! IT'S COMING! THE BEGINNING OF THE END COMMENCES TO START RIGHT NOW! ER... FLOWERS FOR MRS. ABACROMBIE! WHAT KIND? WHY LILLIES... OF COURSE! DEAD, Y'KNOW!**



DID YOU HEAR? MRS. ABACROMBIE JUST DIED! POISONED! THEY THINK HER SISTER-IN-LAW DID IT!



POISONED?

THEY'RE PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY RIGHT NOW!



EXCUSE ME, MRS. GABBER! IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, I'D LIKE TO CLOSE UP!

MR. GRISTLE SHOODED MRS. GABBER OUT OF THE STORE AND LOCKED IT UP! MR. GRISTLE WAS SCARED! MR. GRISTLE WAS GOING TO HIT THE ROAD... LEAVE TOWN... TAKE IT ON THE LAM...

HOWDY, ZACH! CLOSIN' UP EARLY, AIN'T CHA? SCARED OF THE MANIAC?

MANIAC? WHAT MANIAC?



WHY, THE ONE'S GOIN' AROUND POISONIN' EVERYONE! MRS. ABACROMBIE... AND MRS. SNERD... AND MR. SNERD... AND OL' MAN GRUNDY! ALL DEAD! WATCH YERSELF GOIN' HOME, ZACH!

Y-YES! WELL! GOODNIGHT, PETE!



MR. GRISTLE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME! FIRST THING HE DID WHEN HE GOT THERE WAS TAKE HIS BLACK MARKET MONEY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE! ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS...

PACK YOUR THINGS, SARAH! WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN!

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! THEY FOUND OUT! I... I... I WARNED YOU NOT TO SELL HORSEMEAT...



IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SARAH! FOUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD ALREADY! I SOLD THEM TAINTED MEAT!

YOU... YOU WHAT?



S'MATTER, SARAH? CAIN'T YOU HEAR? HE KILLED 'IM! HE SOLD 'EM POISONED MEAT! AH! NOW IT'S SINKING INTO THAT FEMALE BRAIN! AH! THAT'S IT! GET MAD! GET GOOD AND MAD! HEH...HEH...



YOU'RE A MURDERER!

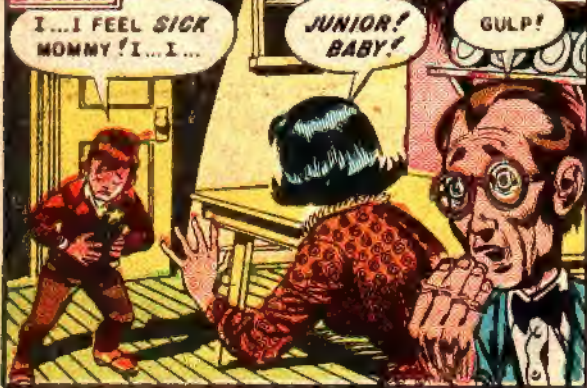


I DID IT FOR US, SARAH! FOR YOU AND ME AND... JUNIOR!

JUNIOR! HE'S EATING AT HERBIE HORTON'S HOUSE!



AT THAT MOMENT, JUNIOR STAGGERED INTO THE KITCHEN! HE LOOKED A LITTLE GREEN AROUND THE BILLS...



I...I FEEL SICK MOMMY! I...I...

JUNIOR! BABY!

GULP!

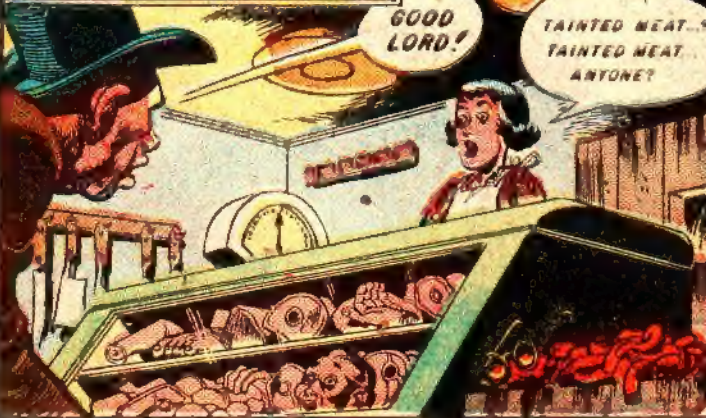
LITTLE JUNIOR COLLAPSED ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR...

HE'S DEAD, ZACH! DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM, TOO... OUR SON... EH... EH... OUR SON...



SARAH! PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE!

WHEN THEY UNLOCKED ZACH GRISTLE'S BUTCHER SHOP THE NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND MRS. GRISTLE STANDING BEHIND THE COUNTER... STARING INTO SPACE! SHE WORE A BLOOD-SWEARED APRON AROUND HER NECK! BEFORE HER... IN THE MEAT SHOWCASE... ZACH GRISTLE HAD BEEN CLUMSILY CARVED AND LAID OUT IN THE VARIOUS TRAYS...



GOOD LORD!

TAINTED MEAT... TAINTED MEAT... ANYONE?

ALL RIGHT, SO YOU AIN'T HUNGRY? YOU CAN WINDOW SHOP, CAN'T YOU? NOT INTERESTED, EH? MAYBE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING A FORMAL BANQUET GIVEN BY THE GHOULS, ZOMBIES, WEREWOLVES, AND VAMPIRES BLACK-MARKET-BODIES SYNDICATE IN HONOR OF ZACH GRISTLE? HE WILL BE SERVED! HMM! STILL NOT INTERESTED, EH? HOW ABOUT GOING ON TO THE VAULT-KEEPER THEN? HE'S NOT INTERESTING, TOO! GOT A BORING STORY FOR YOU! THEN I'LL DIG YOU LATER WITH



ANOTHER CREEPY-CRYPT-COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEN HEN! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR, FIENDS! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOST, THE VAULT-KEEPER, SHRIEKING! EVER HEAR OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS? SURE YOU HAVE! WELL, TELL ME! YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF MOUNTAIN CRAWLERS, SOUTH AMERICAN VARIETY? MY STORY CONCERNS ONE! I CALL THIS BRISTLING TALE OF TERROR...

ROPED IN!



THE DOOR TO THE DARKER BLUE BUILDING WAS OPENED. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY ENGINEER ROPE AND THE STRONGER SUPPORT NO LONGER FORGOTTEN AND THEN STEPS UP TO THE RECEPTION DESK.

YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WILL YOU TELL MR. DONALD MORRAN TO STEP OUT HERE FOR A MOMENT! MY CREDENTIALS.



THE SECRETARY LOOKS DOWN AT THE STRANGER'S GLITTERING BADGE AND GASPS! SHE SWITCHES ON THE OFFICE INTER-COM AND WHISPERS...



MR MORGAN! THERE'S A... A GENTLEMAN OUT HERE... TO SEE YOU!

HAVE HIM WAIT, MISS BALLENTINE! I'M BUSY...

HE... HE'S FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, SIR!



OH? ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

DONALD MORGAN COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

YES? WHAT IS IT? MR. MORGAN, YOU WERE IN COMPLETE CHARGE OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE CITY HOSPITAL, WERE YOU NOT?



I WAS! I HANDLED THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION JOB MYSELF! WHY?

MR. MORGAN! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



WHAT? BUT... BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

THERE'S NO MISTAKE, MR. MORGAN! THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE HOSPITAL COLLAPSED THIS MORNING! AN INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THE CONCRETE USED WAS SUB-STANDARD! ALMOST ALL SAND! BETTER COME! ALONG QUIETLY!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ORDERED THAT CONCRETE MYSELF! I SPECIFIED THE MIXTURE! IT WAS A GOOD MIXTURE! NO! LET ME GO! I WON'T...



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

MORGAN! WHAT DOES HE WANT?



I WANT HIM FOR HOMICIDE, GENTLEMEN! YOUR PARTNER, HERE, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF TWENTY-ONE HOSPITAL PATIENTS!

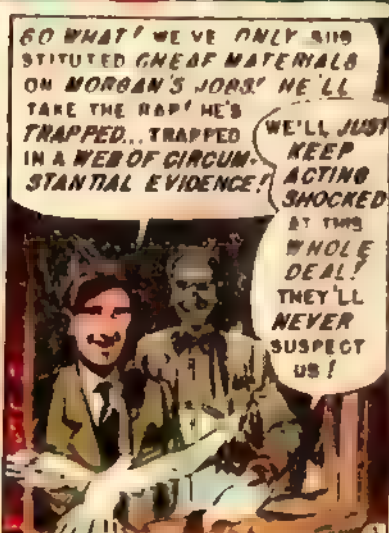
WHAT? MORGAN! IS THIS TRUE?

NO! NO! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!





AFTER MR. MORGAN IS LED FROM THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OFFICE BY THE DETECTIVE, MR. WAGNER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE CONCERN, TURNS TO THE OTHER TWO...



YEP! THAT'S THE PICTURE, KIDDIES! ELLIS, BUCKLY, AND WAGNER HAVE BEEN TAKING THE **HIGH GRADE** CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL ORDERED BY **MORGAN** ON EVERY JOB HE'S HANDED AND **SUBSTITUTING CHEAP, INFERIOR GRADE STUFF!** THEN THEY'VE BEEN POCKETING THE **DIFFERENCE!** POOR **MORGAN** IS **RESPONSIBLE!** YES, THEY'VE SPUN A **NEAT LITTLE WEB OF EVIDENCE** AROUND THE **INNOGENT FOURTH PARTNER!** NOW THE EVIDENCE IS BEING **WEIGHED!** LISTEN ...



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! HAVE YOU REACHED A **VERDICT?**

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDENT, **DONALD MORGAN, GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER!**

NO! NO!



YES, DONALD! YES! THE WEB IS **TIGHT!** IT'S BEEN **WOVEN WELL!** YOU'RE **DONE FOR...**

I'M **INNOGENT,** I TELL YOU... **INNOGENT!**

TAKE HIM AWAY!



AT THE OFFICES OF THE WAGNER, ELLIS, AND BUCKLY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...

WHY THE SUDDEN **MEETING, WAGNER?**

IT HAS **NOTHING** TO DO WITH **MORGAN GENTLEMEN!**



DO YOU REMEMBER THAT **BOLIVIAN** CONTRACT WE BID ON? THE **POWER PLANT AND DAM?** WELL... WE GOT IT!

WHAT? WHY THAT'S WORTH A **FORTUNE!**

AND THERE'S ONLY **THREE** OF US TO **SPLIT THE PROFIT, NOW!**



WHEN DO WE LEAVE, WAGNER?

TOMORROW! WE'RE **FLYING DOWN** IN THE **COMPANY'S PRIVATE PLANE!**



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, A SMALL FOUR-SEATER TAKES OFF FROM THE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY, BOUND FOR LA PAZ, CAPITOL OF BOLIVIA...

POOR **MORGAN!** HE ALWAYS LOVED TO **FLY** WITH US! TOO BAD HE HAD TO **MISS** THIS TRIP!

HEH, HEH! YES! TOO BAD!



A WEEK LATER, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S PLANE IS WINGING ITS WAY SOUTH OVER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS...



WE OUGHT TO REACH LA PAZ BEFORE NIGHT-FALL!

LOOK AT THOSE MOUNTAINS DOWN THERE! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL!

NORTH OF LAKE TITICACA ON THE PERU-BOLIVIAN BORDER, THE TINY PLANE RUNS INTO A STORM



WE'RE BEING BLOWN OFF-COURSE!

THESE MOUNTAIN STORMS ARE TREACHEROUS! WE...WE'LL CRASH!

THE STORM LASHES AT THE AIR-PLANE, TOSSING IT LIKE A FEATHER...



IT'S GETTING DARK! I CAN HARDLY SEE!

LOOK-OUT! THAT MOUNTAIN-TOP!

THE MOUNTAIN-TOP LOOMS UP BEFORE THE PLANE! WAGNER STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS



I CAN'T GET ANY ALTITUDE! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY GOING AROUND!

THE THREE MEN IN THE PLANE STRAIN THEIR EYES, TRYING TO PIERCE THE GATHERING GLOOM! SUDDENLY, AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FLASHES...



WE'RE FLYING BETWEEN TWO MOUNTAINS! GET UP HIGHER! GET UP HIGHER!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T!

THE SHOCK THROWS THE THREE MEN FORWARD! FOR A MOMENT, THE TINY PLANE VIBRATES CRAZILY...

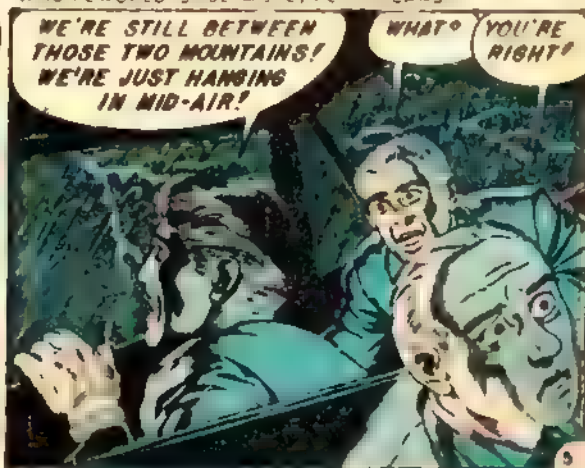


WHAT...HAPPENED?

WE HIT SOMETHING!

BUT...BUT WE DIDN'T CRASH!

WAGNER PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW! AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES ONCE MORE, HE SCREAMS



WE'RE STILL BETWEEN THOSE TWO MOUNTAINS! WE'RE JUST HANGING IN MID-AIR!

WHAT?

YOU'RE RIGHT!

SOON, THE STORM SUBSIDES! ELLIS TAKES A FLASHLIGHT AND OPENS THE PLANE DOOR...

LOOK! THE PLANE IS CAUGHT ON THESE CABLES!

BE CAREFUL! YOU'LL FALL!



ELLIS CLIMBS FROM THE TINY CRAFT... ONTO THE CABLE-LIKE STRUCTURE...

IT'S SOME SORT OF A NETWORK! I'M GOING TO CLIMB DOWN!

NO, ELLIS! WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIGH UP WE ARE!



BUT ELLIS DOES NOT LISTEN! HE STARTS DOWN THE CABLE NETWORK! SOON, ONLY THE GLOW OF HIS FLASHLIGHT CAN BE SEEN.

ELLIS! COME BACK! YOU CRAZY FOOL!



SUDDENLY THE FLASHLIGHT-GLOW BLANKS OUT, AND THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SHRIEK OF HORROR...



ELLIS!

GOOD LORD!

FROM INSIDE THEIR PLANE, WAGNER AND BUCKLY STARE INTO THE DARKNESS...

WHAT... WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? HE... HE MUST HAVE FALLEN!

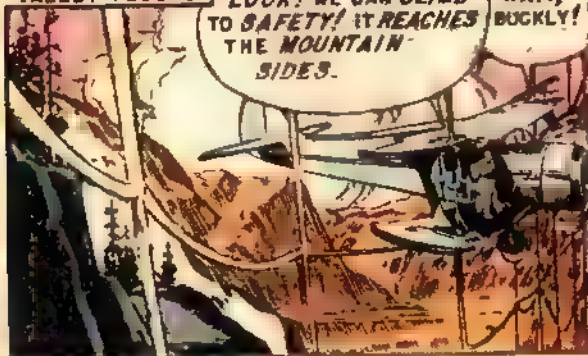
NO! HIS SCREAM DIDN'T FADE AWAY! IT WAS CUT SHORT! HE... HE SAW SOMETHING!



AS DAWN BREAKS OVER THE ANDES, WAGNER AND BUCKLY BEHOLD A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING SIGHT! THEIR TINY PLANE HANGS ENTWINED IN THE STRANGE CABLE-NETWORK, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE SHEER SIDES OF TWO MOUNTAINS AND HIGH OVER THE VALLEY FLOOR...

LOOK! WE CAN CLIMB TO SAFETY! IT REACHES THE MOUNTAIN SIDES.

WAIT, BUCKLY!



BUCKLY MOVES OUT OVER THE CABLE NETWORK! WAGNER HANGS BACK. A SENSATION OF TERROR CRAWLING DOWN HIS SPINE...

G'MON, WAGNER! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE TILL YOU STARVE!

I... I DON'T KNOW! I... I OH, MY LORD...



THE GIGANTIC HAIRY THING DARTS DOWN THE NETWORK FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE! ITS EIGHT HUGE SPINY LEGS CARRY IT AT A BREATHTAKING SPEED! WAGNER SCREAMS...

BUCKLY! LOOK OUT! IT'S A GIANT SPIDER!

AAAAAAEEEE!

WAGNER SCAMPERS BACK INTO THE TRAPPED PLANE AND SLAMS THE DOOR! FROM A WINDOW HE WATCHES AS THE GIANT CRAWLING THING REACHES BUCKLY.

OH, LORD! IT...IT'S DEVOURING HIM!

BUCKLY'S HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS OF PAIN FINALLY SUBSIDE! THE HUGE SPIDER TURNS AND MOVES TOWARD THE PLANE...

NOW...NOW, IT...IT'S COMING TO GET ME!

THE GIANT SPIDER CROUCHES OVER THE TINY PLANE...WAITING FOR ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANT TO EMERGE! IT WAITS PATIENTLY...HOUR AFTER HOUR.

I...I'M TRAPPED! TRAPPED! IT'S JUST SITTING THERE...WAITING FOR ME...

BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, THE WARDEN AND THE DOCTOR STARE DOWN AT DONALD MORGAN! HE SITS IN THE CORNER OF HIS CELL, MUTTERING

HE'S BEYOND HOPE, WARDEN! A COMPLETE MENTAL BREAKDOWN!

STIR CRAZY!

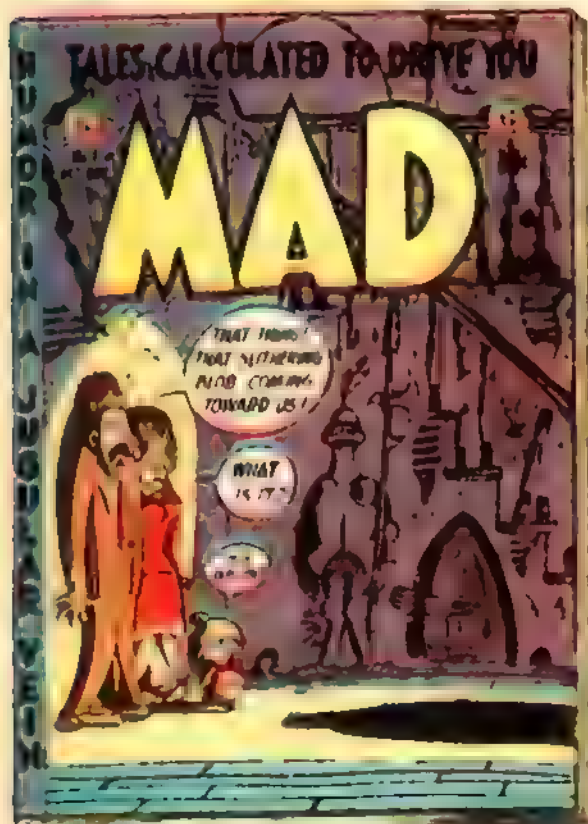
WHILE HIGH IN THE ANDES, MORGAN'S EX BUSINESS ASSOCIATE IS SUFFERING THE SAME FATE! HE, TOO, IS OUT OF HIS MIND...

EH...EH...EH... SPIDER...EH... WAITING...EH... FOR ME...EH...EH

WELL, WELL! YEP! SO AFTER WAGNER, ELLIS AND BUCKLY TRAPPED MORGAN IN A WEB OF EVIDENCE, THEY WERE TRAPPED IN ONE THEMSELVES...A REAL WEB, THAT IS! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING IF A SPIDER LIKE THAT REALLY EXISTS! WELL, NEXT TIME YOU SEE A LOCAL SPIDER, ASK IT IF IT EVER HEARD OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN CRAWLER! IT'LL PROBABLY GURL UP AND DIE AT THE MERE MENTION OF ITS NAME! "BYE, NOW!"

E.C. FANS!

UNDOUBTEDLY THE ZANIEST
10¢ WORTH OF IDIOTIC
NONSENSE YOU COULD EVER
HOPE TO BUY! TRY IT...
JUST FOR LAUGHS!



Ramsey squeezed the trigger and felt the pistol buck violently in his hand. The young native guide in front of him spun around and crashed headlong into the heavy foliage

"I don't need him any longer," Ramsey muttered as he slipped his gun back into its holster and stepped around the body sprawled beside the crude trail. "Now that he's revealed the hiding place of his peoples' treasure, I can go the rest of the way myself. As soon as I crack open the tomb where these superstitious, savages buried their loot, a fortune in diamonds and rubies is mine!"

3 hours later... 3 gruelling hours of incessant hacking through the matted underbrush... Ramsey staggered into a grassy clearing. Before him, rising grey and ominous as the guide had predicted, towered the mountain where the treasure of Molokko Island was hidden. A half-million dollars, intended as a sacrifice to primitive gods, was sealed up in those rocks!

The fatigue of the long trek from the coast... the painful lunging over razor-backed ridges and through evilly-sucking swamps... was forgotten by Ramsey in that moment of ecstasy. Here... somewhere along the base of this craggy mountain, was the secret entrance to a sacrificial chamber which housed a king's ransom!

The sun had begun fading when Ramsey found the cryptic designs carved into the stone. A warning, the

ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

guide had whispered, that doom awaited anyone who dared invade the sanctity of the mountain! The only one who's perished because of that fool curse, Ramsey sneered, was the guide, himself!

In a few minutes he had jammed a dozen sticks of dynamite into fissures beside the sealed entrance. From a distance, protected by a huge boulder, Ramsey heard the shattering blast and saw tons of rock shower in every direction. When the dust had settled he raced toward the gaping hole now revealed in the mountain's side... even from this distance he could see the glimmer of precious stones within the tomb. It was all his...

A deep rumble made him stop in his tracks. The ground began to tremble wildly... far above the mountaintop was disintegrating before his eyes! Flames leaped madly toward the clouds... hissing black lava gushed torrentially down upon him...

Before Ramsey, in his terror, could flee across the grassy clearing, the searing liquid was upon him. Like fiery tar it bubbled around his legs, searing the tortured skin and tearing it loose in raw shreds. Pain stabbed instantly through his body, from head to toe... he felt stifling heat filling his agonized lungs, choking his breath in his throat.

The treasure... a thought flickered through his brain as he felt himself dissolving in that blanketing sea of molten lava... buried in the side of a **VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN!** Dynamite... activated it...

The scorching lava rolled on, and in its midst Ramsey's body turned molten hot... simmered and spit like meat broiled in a blast-furnace...



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THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

So, now you know! So maybe my two idiot editors won't be commandeering large portions of my column any more to make some ridiculous announcement about E.C.'s latest money-grabbing effort! A couple of pages back, you probably saw the cover of the first issue of the most recent addition to the E.C. trash heap!

"MAD," they call it! You'd be **MAD** if you **BOUGHT** it! Of all the nauseating things, this new mag is actually **FUNNY**...choke! How disgusting can one get? When I reluctantly agreed to tie myself up with this miserable outfit, and allowed my Tales from the Crypt to be published in the form of comic magazines, I never in my goriest daymares dreamed that I would be in any way associated with funny-type magazines! Imagine a "comic" being **COMIC**! (But C.K.! There's a **HORROR** story in "**MAD**"! —ed.) Who tells it? Does V.K. tell it? Does O.W. tell it? **DO I TELL IT?** **WHO TELLS IT?** (Harvey Kurtzman tells it! —ed.) **THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!** What does that **WAR MONGER** know about **HORROR**? Where does **POW**, **KA BLAMM**, **WHOOOSH** Kurtzman come off writing horror stories? (But this is different, C.K.! This is a **FUNNY** horror story! Why, we nearly died! —ed.) **NEARLY**, eh? Dear the luck! And anyway, who ever heard of a **FUNNY HORROR** story? (But C.K.! Your boy, Jack Davis, drew it! —ed.) **THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!** What does... **WHO?** (Jack Davis! —ed.) **JACK**...sob... **DAVIS?** MY...sob... **BOY?** (There, there, C.K.! No tears! —ed.) How... how could he do this to me? (Simple! We offered him **MONEY**! —ed.) **RUINING HIM**... **THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING**... **RUINING HIM!** **DEAD BODIES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH?** **PICKLED WEREWOLF KNUCKLES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH?** **VAMPIRE GHOULASH (HUNGARIAN STYLE) ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH?** You have to spoil him with **MONEY**? (You do business your way... we'll do business our way! —ed.) **I QUIT!** (Now, now! The **CONTRACT!** Remember? —ed.) **Hmmph!** (That's better! Now go on with your column! —ed.) Ah, yes! The column! Well, let's look at some mail!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I suppose, by now you've discovered the mistake you made in Tales from the Crypt No. 30, and have received hundreds of corrective letters. But in case you haven't, you said that the gold reekers sailed around the Cape of Good Hope which is in Africa, when you obviously meant Cape Horn in South America.

E. Kavanagh
N. Bergen, N.J.

...In your first story... I found a big mistake. It said, "...yellow-hungry critters'd taken clipper ship round the Cape o' Good Hope an' beaten us..." Of course, the fact that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa shouldn't matter much except that they would

have landed in India. Most of them didn't go around Cape Horn anyway! They went to the Isthmus of Panama, crossed on foot to the other side, and got a boat which was waiting for them.

James Slayden
Yonkers, N.Y.

In 'Ghastly Prospects' you wrote that the gold reekers went around the Cape of Good Hope. This hardly seems possible since said Cape is at the southern tip of Africa. Was this a misprint or a geographical error?

David A. Vanderah
Dubuque, Iowa

All right, already! So I made a mistake! So wadda ya want? I should know geography? Besides, my idiot editors should have caught the mistake! (So WE should know geography? —ed.) (I know geography! —Harvey Kurtzman) **WAR MONGER!**

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Probably, you didn't think your latest issue needed those long tentacles, and the Atlanta... were... I like me over here in England. Ma, I like this opportunity to say that yours are the best horror and terror stories I ever read. Let's hope that your little ambassadors of horror (your magazines) keep managing to reach their ghastly way over here, if only to keep me screaming.

Alan Crosswell
London, England

Blimey! 'E's off is bloody rocker, by Jove, and all that sort of rot! It's been bully earing from you, Al. old boy!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Your corner was the most exciting, the most popular, and the most disgusting stories I have ever read. If how I read your magazine I get sick in my stomach. I am not alone in this opinion. All my friends think the same thing. Keep up the good work.

Monroe Galbreath
Waspertown, Penn.

My friends think so too, Mary!

Dear C.K.

I would be most pleased if you would send me the set of photographs I've decided to end it all and that's the quickest way I know. Enclosed is the fearful fee required.

Robert Hammerlin
San Francisco, Cal.

For any of you other grateful ingrates who are looking for a way out, be advised that five by seven autographed photographic reproductions of V.K., O.W., and myself are still available... and will be for some time! So there's no rush! Mail your quarter in anytime! Few battered copies of Tales of Terror kicking around too. Likewise two bits! Subscriptions... full year... six issues... six bits... 75c in coin of the realm to you unhep heaps! Sepd complaints, compliments, picture orders, T. of T. orders, subscription orders, and short orders (make mine on rye!) to:

The Crypt Keeper
Room 706, Dept. 32
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

READ OF THE STARK HORROR
TWO MEN FOUND IN A GAME OF

CUTTING CARDS!



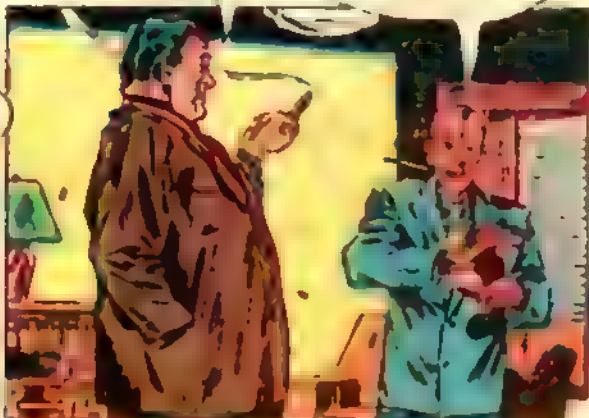
THIS STORY IS PROBABLY THE MOST HORRIBLE, BLOOD-CURDLING TALE YOU WILL EVER READ! IT CONCERNS TWO PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS GUS FORNEY AND LOU GREBIS! GAMBLERS, BIG TIME GAMBLERS LIKE GUS AND LOU... ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES! GAMBLING IS THEIR LIFE! THE WAGER THE BET... IS THEIR BLOOD! BUT GUS FORNEY AND LOU GREBIS HATED EACH OTHER. HATED EACH OTHER LIKE POISON...

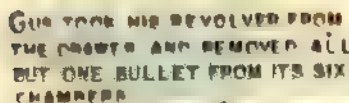
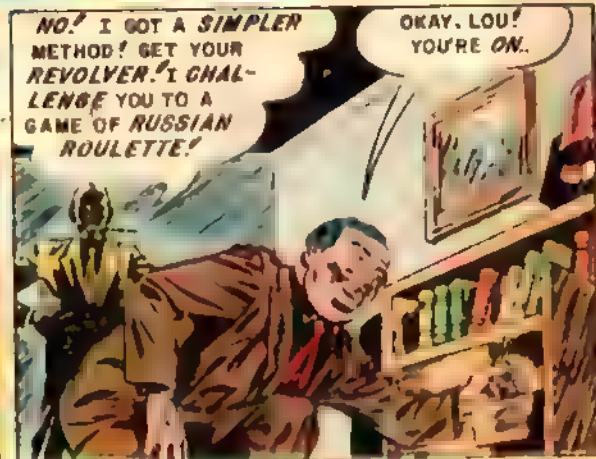
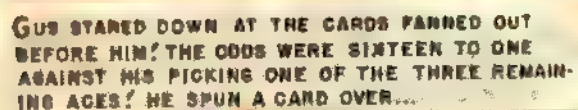
I MEAN THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS WHOLE WORLD FOR BOTH OF US. LOU! AND I'M WILLING TO GAMBLE TO SEE WHO LEAVES IT!

YOU'RE BLUFFING GUS! ORRY! YOU'RE ON! SHALL WE DRAW HIGH CARD WINS? THE LOSER DIES! THE CHOICE OF METHOD IS HIS!

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS TOWN FOR BOTH OF US, LOU!

I'M NOT LEAVING, GUS! SO, GOOD-BYE GET ON YOUR HORSE.







GUS HANDED THE GUN TO LOU! LOU PLACED THE MUZZLE AGAINST HIS HEAD! ODDS NOW... **FOUR TO ONE...**



GUS TOOK THE GUN! BEADS OF PERSPIRATION BEGAN TO POP OUT ON THE TWO GAMBLERS' FACES! GUS POINTED THE REVOLVER! ODDS... **THREE TO ONE...**



LOU TOOK THE GUN! THERE WERE **THREE SHOTS LEFT NOW!** ONE OF THEM HAD THAT BULLET! ODDS... **TWO TO ONE...**



LOU SIGHED IN RELIEF AND MOVED HIS BROW! BUS'S HAND SHOOK A LITTLE AS HE RAISED THE GUN! HE HESITATED! IT WAS EVEN MONEY NOW! HIS FINGER TWITCHED... THEN CLOSED...



GUS GRINNED! LOU STARED AT THE GUN! THE ODDS HAD RUN OUT! THE BULLET WAS LEFT! GUS HANDED THE WEAPON OVER...

HEH, HEH! TOO BAD, LOU!

CHOKER!



LOU LIFTED THE GUN AND STEELED HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH BLOW AS THE BULLET CAME CRASHING INTO HIS BRAIN! HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...

CLUNK!



WHAT?
IT... IT
DIDN'T GO
OFF!

A... A DUD? WHY, YOU DIRTY B*!!X?
YOU KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! THAT'S
WHY YOU WANTED TO GO FIRST! YOU
THOUGHT I'D CRAWL...



DON'T BE AN
IDIOT, LOU! YOU
TWIRLED THE
CHAMBER!
HOW DID I
KNOW IT
WOULD COME
UP LAST?

YOU CAN'T TALK
YOUR WAY OUT OF
THIS ONE, GUS!
NO MATTER WHEN
IT CAME UP, YOU
HAD A SURE
THING!



ARE YOU ACCUSING
ME... GUS FORNEY,
OF CHEATING?

YOU CAN
HEAR! LUCKY
I'M AN
HONEST
GAMBLER OR I'D
NEVER HAVE FOUND
OUT! BUT I NEVER
WELSH WHEN I
LOSE!



OKAY, CREBIS! IF YOU'RE
SUCH A BIG-SHOT
GAMBLER, THEN
YOU'LL ACCEPT MY
CHALLENGE!

YOU JUST
NAME
IT!



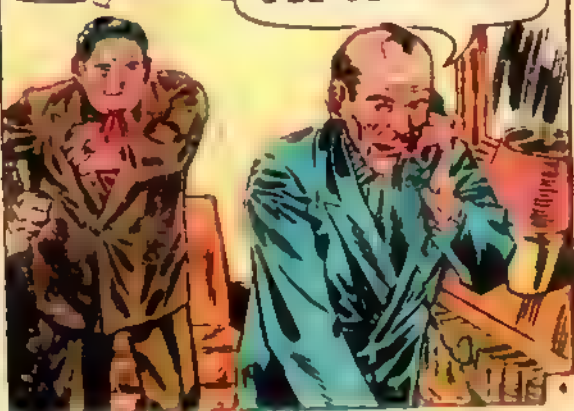
NOBODY CALLS GUS FORNEY A
CHEAT! CREBIS - I CHALLENGE
YOU TO A GAME OF
CHOP-POKER!

OKAY, YOU
GRIM! YOU'RE
ON!



TO A
FINISH!

TO A FINISH!
CALL YOUR DOCTOR!
I'LL GET MINE!



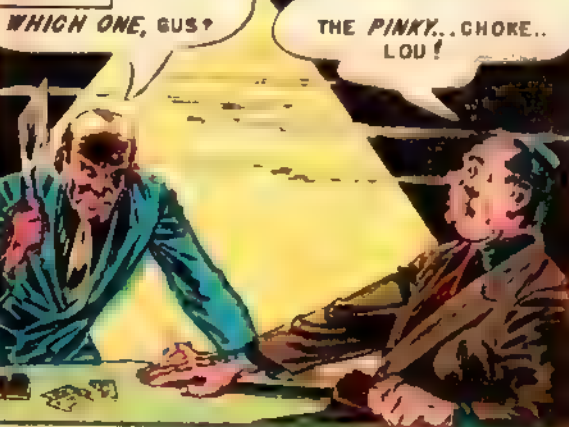
THEN, FIENDS, BEGAN THE MOST HORRIBLE CARD GAME IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN GAMBLING! YOU'VE HEARD OF STRIP POKER? WELL, CHOP POKER IS ALMOST LIKE THAT! ONLY INSTEAD OF LOSING AN ARTICLE OF CLOTHING... YOU LOSE A LIMB! CHOP POKER HAD BEEN PLAYED BEFORE... IT WAS TOLD... BUT ONLY ONE HAND AT A TIME! NEVER... TO A FINISH!



THEY SAT AT THE GREEN FELT-COVERED TABLE BENEATH THE GLARING LAMP! THE MEAT CLEAVER SPARKLED BETWEEN THEM! GUS DEALT THE CARDS...



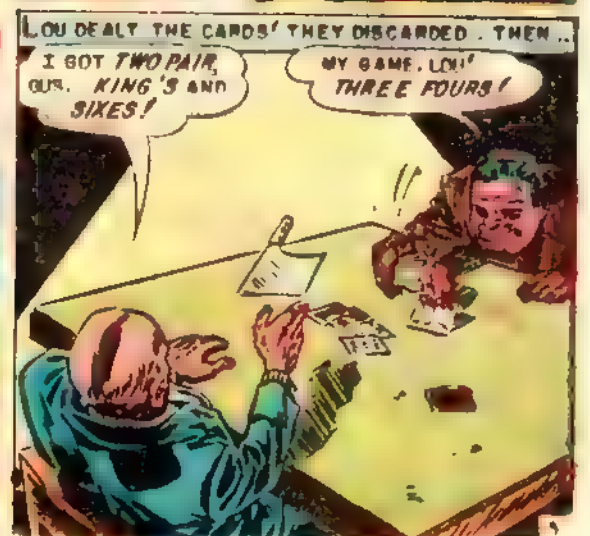
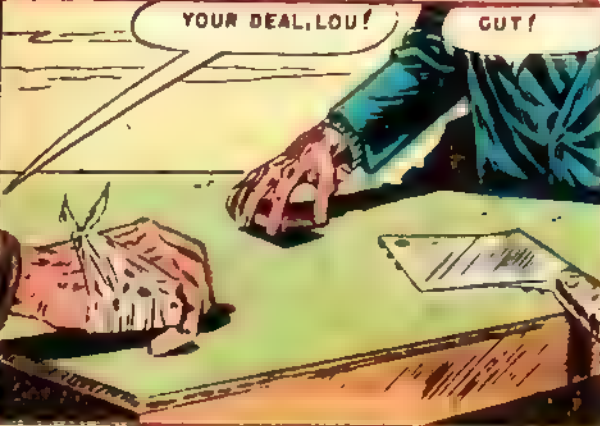
LOU PICKED UP THE CLEAVER AND STOOD OVER GUS...



GUS STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND! HIS PERSONAL DOCTOR MOVED FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT! LOU RAISED THE CLEAVER AND BROUGHT IT DOWN...



IT WAS LIKE A FIENDISH DUEL! THE DOCTORS WERE THE SECONDS! TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE GUS'S SECOND SERVICED HIM! THE BANDAGE WAS RLOTHED RED WHEN THEY BEGAN AGAIN...



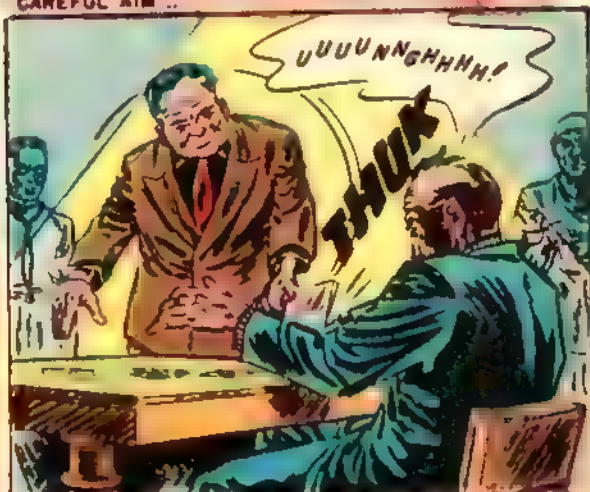
GUS PICKED UP THE CLEAVER IN HIS GOOD HAND!
LOU'S SECOND MOVED INTO THE LAMPLIGHT...



WHICH ONE, LOU?

THE... THE PINKY... GUS!

LOU STRETCHED OUT HIS LEFT HAND! GUS TOOK CAREFUL AIM...



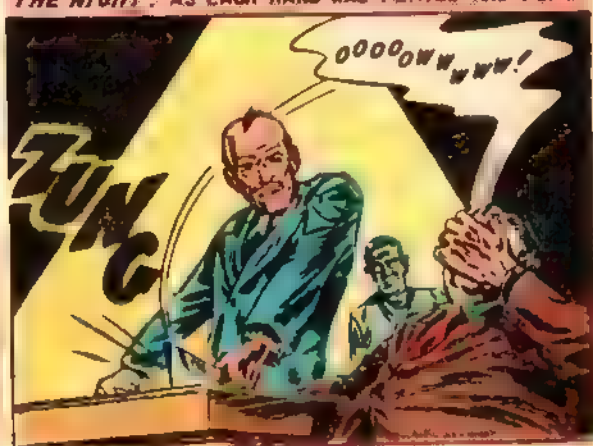
AGAIN TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE LOU'S SECOND SERVICED HIM! SOON, THE CARDS WERE SHUFFLED ONCE MORE...



LET'S GO, GUS!
YOU DEAL!

CUT, I'M,
LOU!

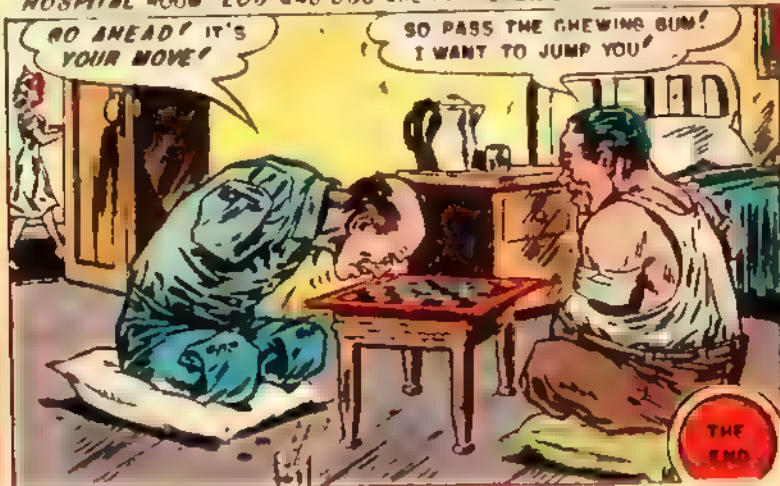
HEN, HEN! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S HOW THE GAME WAS PLAYED! IT CONTINUED ON LIKE THAT... FAR INTO THE NIGHT! AS EACH HAND WAS PLAYED AND WON...



BUT LOU AND GUS NEVER DID PLAY CHOP POKER TO A FINISH! OH, YES! THEY PLAYED ALL NIGHT AND INTO THE NEXT DAY! BUT THEY HAD TO QUIT TOWARDS EVENING! SEEMS THAT NEITHER OF THEM COULD DEAL THE CARDS!



WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS HOSPITAL ROOM! LOU AND GUS ARE IN THERE... STILL GAMBLING!



SO PASS THE CHEWING GUM!
I WANT TO JUMP YOU!

THE
END

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

PEANUTS, POPCORN... HEE, HEE! YEP, IT'S YOUR FEEDER OF FOUL FABLES... THE OLD WITCH... COOKIN' AGAIN! GOT A CIRCUS RECIPE FOR YOU THIS TIME! ELEPHANT STEAK GARNISHED WITH CRUSHED TAN-BARK! I GOT THE IDEA FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I CALL THIS GARBLED GRABBING OF GORE...

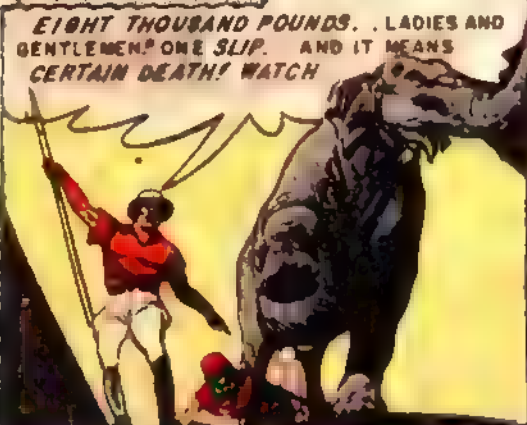
SQUASH... ANYONE?

FOR A MOMENT, THE CROWD UNDER THE BIG-TOP SAT DEATHLY SILENT! THEN, FROM THE BANDBAND, A DRUM BEGAN TO ROLL... ITS OMINOUS STACCATO OF ANTICIPATION GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER! IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, THE HUGE ELEPHANT LIFTED A MASSIVE FORELEG! THE SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN RECLINED ON THE TANBARK FLOOR! THE ELEPHANT TRAINER BARKED ORDERS! THE RING-MASTER ANNOUNCED...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN FOR THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING FEAT EVER PRESENTED UNDER THE BIG-TOP...

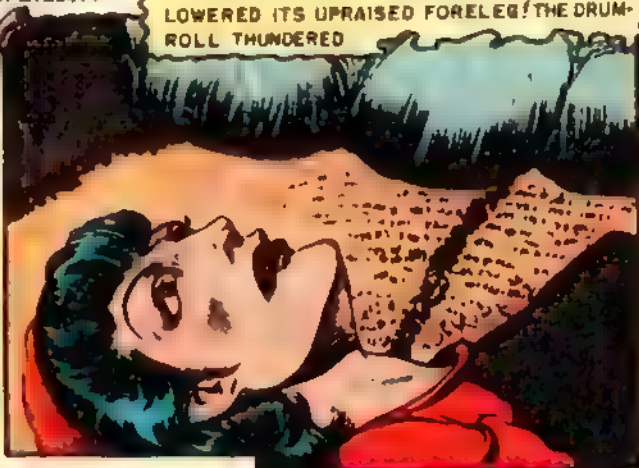


THE WOMAN WRIGGLED UNDER THE MAMMOTH UPRaised FOOT OF THE ELEPHANT! THE TRAINER SHOUTED ABOVE THE DRUM-ROLL'S RISING CRESCENDO! THE ELEPHANT TRUMPETED... CURLING ITS TRUNK...



EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ONE SLIP, AND IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH! WATCH

THE GIRL STARED UP AT THE HUGE HOOFF! IT WAS DIRECTLY OVER HER FACE! THE TRAINER BARKED AN ORDER! THE GOLIATH LOWERED ITS UPRaised FORELEG! THE DRUM-ROLL THUNDERED



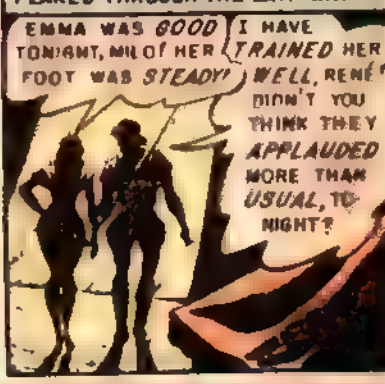
THE ELEPHANT HOOF TOUCHED THE WOMAN'S NOSE! A CYMBAL CRASHED.



THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL BOWED AGAIN AND AGAIN! THE CROWD CHEERED...



THE ELEPHANT ACT WAS OVER! THE CIRCUS BAND STRUCK UP A HAPPY MARCH AND THE CLOWNS SWEEPED OUT ACROSS THE ARENA! THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY



EMMA WAS GOOD TONIGHT, MILO! HER FOOT WAS STEADY! I HAVE TRAINED HER WELL, RENÉ! DIDN'T YOU THINK THEY APPLAUDED MORE THAN USUAL, TONIGHT?

THE COUPLE MOVED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO A TRAILER! THE LETTERS PAINTED UPON IT WERE BIG AND IMPRESSIVE! 'MILO WORLD'S GREATEST ELEPHANT TRAINER!'



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE INTO TOWN TONIGHT, MILO?

NOT TONIGHT, RENÉ! I'M TIRED...

THE INSIDE OF THE TRAILER WAS CROWDED AND MESSY! COLORFUL COSTUMES LAY STREWN ABOUT! BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SPRAWLED ON EVERY AVAILABLE SURFACE



NOT TONIGHT! NOT TONIGHT! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! WELL, I'M NOT STAYING AROUND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT... NOT IN THIS DUMP!

I'M NOT STOPPING YOU FROM GOING INTO TOWN, RENÉ!

THE WOMAN SLIPPED OUT OF HER SCANTY COSTUME AND INTO A STREET-DRESS...

A HECK OF A MARRIAGE OURS IS! I MIGHT AS WELL BE MARRIED TO YOUR ELEPHANT!

THEN DIVORCE ME, RENÉ!

OH, NO! NOT THAT EASY, BIG BOY! YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME! I'D NEVER GIVE YOU A DIVORCE WITHOUT A FIGHT! IT'D COST YOU PLENTY...

OKAY, RENÉ! OKAY! WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS BEFORE!

RENÉ SLAMMED THE DOOR OF THE TRAILER IN ANGER AS SHE LEFT FROM BEYOND, IN THE SHADOWS, A FIGURE WATCHED HER ENTER THE CAR...



AS SOON AS RENÉ'D DRIVEN OFF, THE FIGURE MOVED OUT OF THE SHADOWS! IT WAS A WOMAN! SHE DARTED TOWARD MILO'S TRAILER...

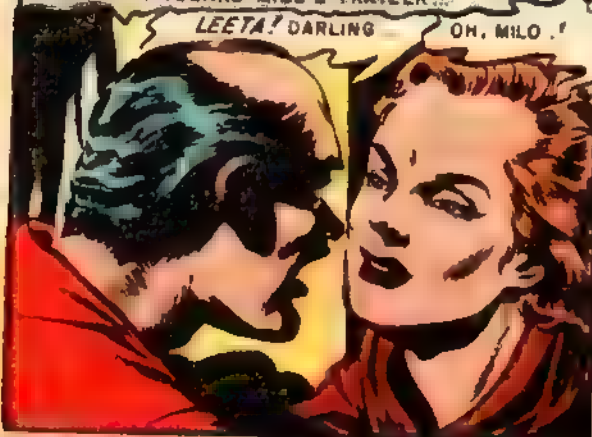
LEETA! DARLING

OH, MILO!

THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS! THEN...

DID YOU TELL HER ABOUT US?

NO! IT'S NO USE! SHE'D NEVER GIVE ME A DIVORCE! I KNOW! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN AWAY!



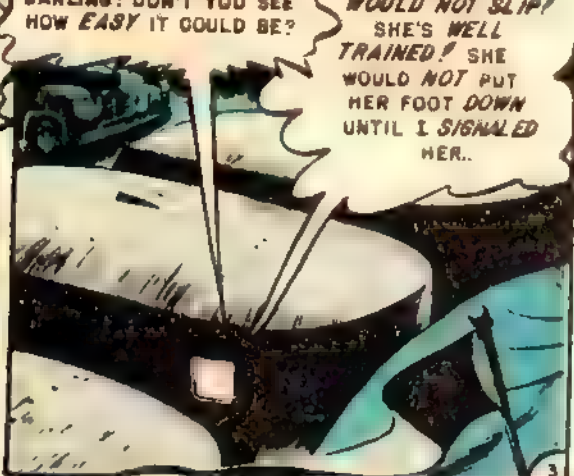
LEETA LOOKED AT MILO! A FLASH OF EVIL GLISTENED IN HER TEMPESTUOUS EYES

WHAT WHAT IF THERE WERE A TERRIBLE 'ACCIDENT'? WHAT IF RENÉ WERE KILLED?

LEETA! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

EMMA COULD SLIP, MY DARLING! DON'T YOU SEE HOW EASY IT COULD BE?

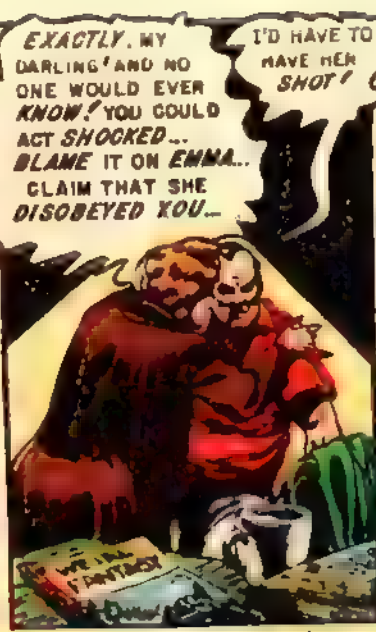
NO! EMMA WOULD NOT SLIP! SHE'S WELL TRAINED! SHE WOULD NOT PUT HER FOOT DOWN UNTIL I SIGNALLED HER..





AND IF YOU DID
SIGNAL HER?

IT... IT WOULD
BE MURDER,
LEETA!



EXACTLY. MY
DARLING! AND NO
ONE WOULD EVER
KNOW! YOU COULD
ACT SHOCKED...
BLAME IT ON EMMA...
CLAIM THAT SHE
DISOBEYED YOU...

I'D HAVE TO
HAVE HER
SHOT!

YOU COULD TRAIN
ANOTHER, MY DARLING!
NEW WIFE... NEW
ELEPHANT... A
WHOLE NEW LIFE
FOR YOU...

I I
DON'T
KNOW! I
JUST
DON'T
KNOW...



LEETA'S EYES BURNED! HER FACE DARKENED...

IT'S THAT... OR ME, MILO! I'M NOT
CUT OUT FOR THIS... THIS SECRET-
MEETING NONSENSE! I WANT
YOU... ALL THE TIME... OR
NOT AT ALL!

GIVE ME A
CHANCE TO THINK
IT OVER, LEETA!
PLEASE!



LEETA SMILED! SHE PURSED HER LIPS, RUNNING
HER HAND THROUGH MILO'S HAIR...

OF COURSE, MY DARLING! TILL
TOMORROW NIGHT'S PERFORM-
ANCE! IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN
THEN...

LEETA!
BABY...



THE NEXT EVENING, MILO AND RENÉ STOOD IN THE
ENTRANCE-WAY TO THE BIG-TOP, AWAITING THEIR
CUE-MUSIC! EMMA TRUMPETED SOFTLY! SHE SEEMED
TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG

THERE, THERE, GIRL! EMMA
SEEMS NERVOUS TONIGHT,
MILO!

SHE'S ALL RIGHT...
G'MON! THERE'S OUR
CUE!



THE FANFARE SILENCED THE CROWD! THE RING-
MASTER INTRODUCED THE ACT AS THE SPOT-LIGHT
SWUNG TO THE BOWING PERFORMERS.

AND NOW... MILO... THE GREATEST ELEPHANT
TRAINER IN THE WORLD... AND HIS WONDER-
ELEPHANT, EMMA... ASSISTED BY THAT DEATH-
DEFYING BEAUTY... RENÉ...



THE DRUM BEGAN ITS ANXIOUS ROLL ONCE MORE! MILO BARKED AN ORDER AND EMMA LIFTED HER FOOT! RENÉ GOT DOWN ON THE RING FLOOR AND WRIGGLED BELOW IT



THE THUNDER OF THE ROLLING DRUM GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! EMMA'S HOOF HUNG MENACINGLY ABOVE RENÉ'S WHITE FACE! MILO BARKED AN ORDER AND THE HUGE FOOT LOWERED SLOWLY



FOR A MOMENT, EMMA'S GIANTIC HOOF TOUCHED RENÉ'S WHITE FACE! THE DRUM ROLL REACHED ITS CRESCENDO...



AS THE CYMBAL CRASHED, MILO SHOUTED AT EMMA! RENÉ SCREAMED!



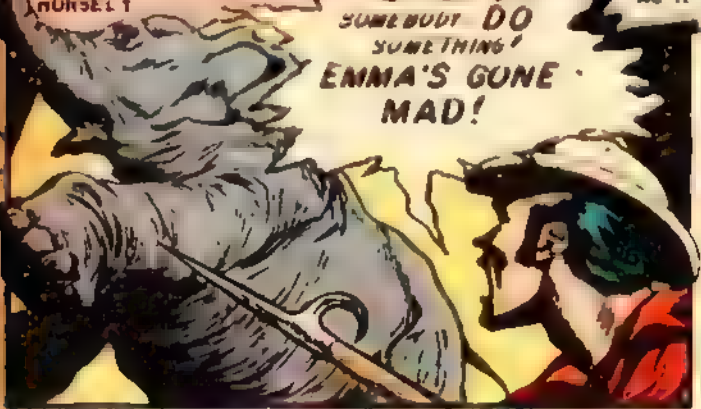
THE SCREAM CAME TOO LATE! EMMA WAS WELL TRAINED AND RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY! MILO WATCHED IN HORROR AS EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS DESCENDED ON RENÉ'S FEAR-TWISTED FACE.



EMMA TRUMPETED SHILLY! SHE REARED UP, SNORTING! FOR A MOMENT, THE STUNNED AUDIENCE WAS SHOOKED BY THE GUST SIGHT! THEN SOMEONE SHRIEDED, 'HANDMURDER! DRUMS LOOSE!' MILO MOLLERED HORSELF

SOMEbody DO
SOMETHING!
EMMA'S GONE
MAD!

TWO GUARDS RUSHED FORWARD! THEY FIRED AT THE RED-EYED PAINTDEER! EMPTYING THEIR GUNS INTO HER TIGHT HIDE! THE CROWD SCREAMED AND SHOUTED AS IT BROKE FOR THE EXITS



EMMA SWAYED AND TOPPLED OVER ON HER SIDE DEAD! THE CIRCUS BAND BLARED IN DISCORD, ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE ORDER! THE RING-MASTER RUSHED TO MILO AS HE STARED DOWN AT RENÉ'S CRUSHED REMAINS IN UTTER REVULSION...



DON'T... DON'T LOOK AT HER, MILO! IT... IT'S HORRIBLE!

RENÉ! SOB RENÉ!

THEY LED MILO TO THE EXIT-WAY! HE WAS SOBBING SOFTLY! BUT THAT NIGHT... FAR FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS... HE AND LEETA LAUGHED TOGETHER...

IT WAS SO SIMPLE, DARLING! SO SIMPLE!

I TOLD YOU, MILO! I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE!



MILO WAS FREE NOW... FREE OF RENÉ FOREVER! HE AND LEETA MADE PLANS...

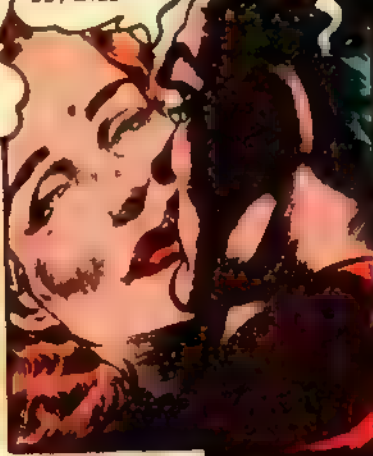
WE'LL WAIT A FEW MONTHS... JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD... AND THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED!

AND I'LL BEGIN TRAINING ANOTHER ELEPHANT!



FROM NOW ON, IT'S SMOOTH SAILING FOR US, MILO!

C'MERE, BABY!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MILO TO TRAIN A NEW ELEPHANT TO TAKE EMMA'S PLACE! WITHIN A YEAR THE ACT WAS AGAIN THRILLING AUDIENCES...

...MILO... WITH HIS WONDER-ELEPHANT, BESSIE... ASSISTED BY THAT DEATH-DEFYING BEAUTY... LEETA!



THE CIRCUS RETURNED TO THE TOWN WHERE THE HORRIBLE 'ACCIDENT' HAD HAPPENED ONE YEAR PREVIOUSLY! THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING PERFORMANCE, MILO AND LEETA STOOD BESIDE BESSIE, AWAITING THEIR CUE...

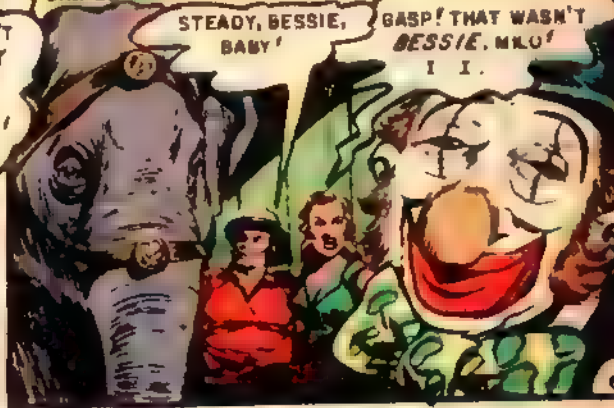
I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS WEEK IS OVER AND WE LEAVE THIS BORG! DON'T THINK ABOUT RENÉ! HE'S BURIED HERE! AND EMMA...



THE CUE FANFARE BLARED! THE SPOT-LIGHT SWUNG TO THE ENTRANCE-WAY TO PICK THEM UP! A DISTANT SHRILL TRUMPETING SOUNDED...

STEADY, BESSIE, BABY!

GASP! THAT WASN'T BESSIE, MILO! I I.



THE LOW RUMBLING THAT ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT DID NOT COME FROM THE BAND-STAND! A GLOWN DARTED ACROSS THE ARENA... SCREAMING...

I SAW THEM... MILO!
I SAW THEM! WHAT IS IT?



IT BURST THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY ACROSS THE TANBARK FLOOR! IT TRUMPETED SHRILLY! THE STENCH FILLED THE BIG-TOP! ITS ROTTING HIDE FELL AWAY IN SLIMY CLODS AS IT MOVED! HERE AND THERE, WHITENED BONES PROTRUDED THROUGH ITS MAGGOT-COVERED FLESH! PERCHED ON THE REMAINS OF ITS HEAD SAT THE DECAYED FIGURE OF A WOMAN, URGING IT ON...

EMMA... AND RENÉ!



IT LUMBERED TOWARD THE HORRIFIED TRAINER AND HIS NEW WIFE... THE THING ON ITS HEAD POINTING WILDLY...



IT WAS TOO LATE FOR MILO TO MOVE... TOO LATE TO RUN! THE THING WAS UPON HIM... LIFTING HIM IN ITS FOUL-SMELLING, DECOMPOSING TRUNK! LEETA WAS CAUGHT BENEATH ONE OF ITS HUGE ROTTED HOOF...

EEEEEEEEEE... AAAAAAAAAA...



MILO WAS FLUNG TO THE TAN-BARK WITH THE FORCE OF A TWENTY-STORY FALL! LEETA WAS CRUSHED FLAT...



THEN, AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDED AND DEATH CAME TO MILO AND LEETA, THE HUGE THING AND THE HUMAN-THING UPON IT SEEMED TO JUST FALL AWAY INTO A PILE OF PUTRESCENT SLIME...



PEANUTS... POPCORN... PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEY, LADY! BUY YER BRAT A BAG OF PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEE, HEE! YEP! THAT'S M'TALE, KIDDIES! RENÉ AND EMMA GOT THEIR REVENGE, AND MILO AND LEETA GOT THEIRS, TOO!

BY THE WAY! I'M SELLING COTTON-CANDY! GOT A WHOLE TRUNKFUL! HEE, HEE! WHAT ROTTEN-TASTING STUFF! 'BYE, NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S MAG, THE VAULT OF HORROR!



NOW YOU CAN FLY A REAL JET PLANE!



SPECIAL OFFER

If bought in the store, the JETEX #50 engine alone would cost \$1.95, the JETEX JAVELIN, \$4.75, a total cost of \$2.70. Rush the coupon and you get both the JETEX JAVELIN and the JETEX #50 jet engine for only \$1.98 (plus postage and handling charges, C.O.D.). Includes fuel supply.

\$1.98

JETEX JAVELIN

**Guaranteed to give you
Fun-filled Flights!**

Designed by Commander Willis Rigby

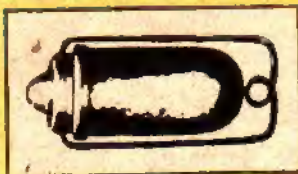
Yes, Commander Rigby, world famous designer, is the inventor of the JETEX JAVELIN. The Commander says, "I have created thousands of models, but the JETEX JAVELIN is the finest thing I have ever done!"

GUARANTEED TO FLY!

The JETEX JAVELIN is unconditionally guaranteed to fly if all instructions have been faithfully followed. If the JETEX JAVELIN does not fly, return the plane and the JETEX #50 engine within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

AMAZING JETEX #50 JET ENGINE

The world's smallest jet engine and the most powerful engine of its size ever sold! It runs on solid fuel, starts every time, completely reliable. **NO MOVING PARTS TO BREAK OR WEAR OUT.** Can be used to power model airplanes, racing cars and boats.



You'll thrill and amaze your friends, be the envy of your neighborhood with this real JET airplane. The JETEX JAVELIN is a colorful, sleek-looking 14 inches of greased lightning. It will fly 1,000 feet! Go at a scale speed of 600 miles per hour! It takes off under its own power, loops, circles, stunts and then goes into a long glide and comes to a beautiful landing.

The JETEX JAVELIN is a cinch to build. Comes complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts already cut out. Nothing more to buy! Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together and you're ready for thrills! This amazing jet airplane uses the modern stressed skin construction which gives more strength and durability for its weight than any other type of construction. With ordinary care, it will make hundreds of fun filled flights.

It's fun to assemble, thrilling to fly. So don't delay—**SEND NO MONEY**—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JETEX JAVELIN E-7

RUSH!

400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush the JETEX JAVELIN and JETEX #50 jet engine. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges on arrival.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose \$2.00 in cash, check or money order to save on C.O.D. charges. If the airplane does not fly, I may return it in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

JETEX JAVELIN 400 Madison Ave. New York 17, N. Y.



YOU
can WIN
this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER
HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK
AT HIM
NOW!



Aren't YOU as SICK and Tired as I was
of being SKINNY ?

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW

I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM

And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the JOWETT SYSTEM

for building Real HE-MEN

Come on, PAL, Now YOU give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says GEORGE F. JOWETT
World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. If you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over, if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!



George F. Jowett
Whom experts
call "Champion
of Champions"
• World's wrestling
and wt. lifting champ
• World's Strongest
Arms
• 4 times "World's
Perfect Body"
Winner.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like Champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO...

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2 JOWETT'S
Photo Book
of Famous
Strong Men!

His amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

NOW
LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER
A WINNER
IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



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NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER

All these 5 Picture
Packed COURSES on He-
Man Building for only
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have been sold for \$1 and
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Build
MIGHTY
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Build
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How to
Build
A MIGHTY
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How to
Build
MIGHTY
LEGS

How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN



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greater in
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Building
All-Around
HE-MEN".
—R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

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Also measures DISTANCES covered by planes, cars, athletes, etc.! Yes all this and it's an AUTOMATIC CALENDAR too! The date pops up in the tiny window every day! Easy to operate with 2 push-buttons: One to start, another to stop watch. Everyone wants this super watch! Students, soldiers, aviators, sailors, race fans, sportsmen, photographers and all men of action!

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Wear and enjoy this amazing watch at OUR risk for 10 full days. Surprised your friends... check it for accuracy with ANY watch for \$50.00. Thrill to its many super features. Then YOU be the judge — if not satisfied 100% return for full refund of purchase price. RUSH COUPON at once. Don't delay — you may lose this LIFETIME BARGAIN! Remember we only sell ONE to a customer, because our supply is limited and we want to please everybody possible. Send order to:

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